STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #14

"DREAM A LITTLE DREAM"

by

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First Draft 5/05/03

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StormWatch: Team Achilles
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PAGE 1

Maintain a standard four-widescreen panel layout for the first two pages until the Kid transforms... then go crazy on page three, then go back to a widescreen stack for page four.

PANEL ONE

A dark Louisiana evening. A beat-up old 1930's-era Ford car drives through a swamp on a built-up levee road (i.e. one-lane pile of dirt in the middle of a swamp with no way to turn around or turn off).

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Louisiana, 1955.

CAPTION
SOUTHERN TREES BEAR A STRANGE FRUIT

PANEL TWO

Shot from behind as the car comes to an abrupt halt on the road (brake lights, dust, car's rear axel skews to the side). In front of the car (the source of which is not clear to us) is a bright flaming glow.

CAPTION
BLOOD ON THE LEAVES AND BLOOD AT THE ROOT

PANEL THREE

Shot down and through the front window of the old beat-up Ford. Inside the car is an African-American family: Father in an old WW2-era Army Uniform, Mother in a blue-and-white flowered print dress, and their 10-year-old son in pants with suspenders over a white button-up shirt. They all look terrified as they stare out their front window and upwards...

At a 30-foot high Burning Cross reflected on their front window.

CAPTION
BLACK BODY SWINGING IN THE SOUTHERN BREEZE

PANEL FOUR

Hooded Klansmen with dirty shoes, boots and pant legs showing beneath their idiotic pointy-headed bedsheet outfits swarm the car, haul the family from the car.

CONTINUED:

CAPTION
STRANGE FRUIT HANGING FROM THE POPLAR TREES

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

A Klansman has his arm around the boy's neck, dragging him towards camera. The kid ineffectively struggles, trying to pry the man's arm off his neck. His head is twisted away from the man's body as he struggles to escape. BEHIND AND BELOW THE KID'S EAR, HE HAS A MOLE SHAPED LIKE AN EAGLE! Be sure to get in close enough to see it!

CAPTION
PASTORAL SCENE OF THE GALLANT SOUTH

PANEL TWO

Closeup on The Kid's eyes as they start to roll up in his head as he's choked unconscious. Reflected below the pupils in his eyes is a small image of an American Bald Eagle flying towards the boy.

CAPTION
THE BULGING EYES AND THE TWISTED MOUTH

PANEL THREE

Nope, not some type of ethereal metaphor... it's an actual American Eagle swooping at the Klansman holding the kid! (maybe shoot a downshot from over the eagle's shoulder as it streaks towards the Kreep and the Kid?)

CAPTION
SCENT OF MAGNOLIA SWEET AND FRESH

PANEL FOUR

In the foreground, the kid rubs his necks as he looks towards camera. He suddenly looks 1000 years old... not REALLY- it's just something in his attitude. Something in the eyes. Anger. Maturity not seen in a kid's face. Look in the reference section on the last page of the script for some horrible pics of child soliders.

In the midground, silhouetted against the burning cross in the background, The Eagle claws at the hooded eyes of the Klansman.

CAPTION
AND THE SUDDEN SMELL OF BURNING FLESH!

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Another Klansman reaches for the kid...

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

But the kid snatches the Klansman’s wrist, and screaming in fury, punches upwards, shattering the Klansman’s forearm bones. I want to see bone PUNCHING through Klan sleeve, baby!

NO DIALOG

THE KID IS NO LONGER JUST A KID... HE HAS BECOME CITIZEN SOLDIER, hero of a Thousand Battles, the Ultimate American, the protector of all that is good in America! The shape of his irises is now that of the American Eagle from now on (the irises only... the pupils are still round!).

PANELS THREE, FOUR, FIVE & SIX

Four panels of the kid fighting Klansmen. Just go crazy, C.P.

Dig that book of Kirby’s Captain America that I had Sinclair send you... it’s full of crazy mob-fights between Cap and groups of nazis/prisoners/thugs/soldiers,etc. Try to tap into that crazy energy which happens in those panels with all the impact speed-lines and weird awkwardly posed grace that those Kirby books had. This kid should be doing all kinds of Gymkata shit... jumping over Klansmen, kicking two of them in the face while jabbing a third in the throat, etc. Using his legs to trip one while he smashes a fist into another’s crotch... Just go crazy and take some anger out on these fucks in their bedsheets. The more painful, the better... knees kicked in backwards, necks snapped, noses torn off, jaws kicked off the head, eyes gouged... all the good stuff.

Have the Klan guys lose most of their masks during this also... make them look like the type of whitebread weasel we see in the White House these days (Cheney, Tom Ridge, John Ashcroft, etc... they’ve got all the backwoods racist characteristics you’d need).

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE

Downshot on Citizen Soldier Kid as he stands atop a group of unconscious Klanskum. His face is filled with tears as he looks upwards in pain. In the top left corner of the picture, his parents' feet hang down, lifeless...

CAPTION
FOR THE RAIN TO GATHER, FOR THE WIND TO SUCK

PANEL TWO

Up shot, the kid in the extreme foreground. In the background, hanging from the tree are his parents. They've been lynched (see the reference page or google up "lynching" -- the more realistic, the better... it's time people saw how horrible that shit is instead of hiding from it).

CAPTION
HERE IS A FRUIT FOR THE CROWS TO PLUCK

PANEL THREE

Frontal angle on the kid as he's shot from behind.

CAPTION
FOR THE SUN TO ROT, FOR A TREE TO DROP

PANEL FOUR

Close-up on the kid lying on the ground, his life bleeding out of him from a neck wound. He grips his neck in a proper field medic technique, trying in vain to staunch the flow of life out of him. He looks upwards, his Eagle-shaped Irises (round pupils!) focusing on who shot him.

CAPTION
HERE IS A STRANGE AND BITTER CROP.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Upshot from Citizen Soldier Kid's POV... Standing over him (us) pointing a gun at him (us) is a 14-year old White kid with big ears a huge Adam's apple and his eyes a tad bit too close together.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

Muzzle flash fills the panel.

NO DIALOG

PANEL THREE

A 60-year old man sits up in bed abruptly, sweat pouring off of his face, terrified. He's the Klan Kid all grown up and become wealthy, powerful, and, he thought, safe.

OLD MAN

Yeaaaaaaaaagghhh!

PANEL FOUR

A man in a black suit, black tie and buzz cut with an walkie-talkie earpiece in his ear and ID Badge on his chest leans in a half-opened door.

AGENT

Sir? Are you okay?

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Across the bed is the outline of an open door with the agent's silhouette in it.

The Old Man sits on the edge of his bed, using a shaky hand to fill a small nighcap glass with his precious, precious booze.

OLD MAN
I'm fine, it was only a dream... Just a bad dream.

AGENT (OFF SCREEN)
Was it a dream about a lynching?

PANEL TWO

The Old Man drops his precious, precious booze, shattering it on the floor.

OLD MAN
How the FUCK could you have known THAT?

OLD MAN
ANSWER ME!

PANEL THREE

The Agent looks nervous. He pulls at his collar which suddenly seems far too tight for him.

AGENT
Well sir, we've all been having it. Everyone in the United States, sir...

AGENT
Every American's been having the same dream over and over again all night long.

AGENT
Thing is, that kid at the end of the dream... he REALLY reminds me of someone.

PANEL FOUR

Push in on the Old Man/Klan Kid. He's horrified. Now that we're closer and not in the shadows or hiding it with his whisky-pouring arm, we see the seal of the United States President on the Old Man's pajamas.

AGENT (O.S.)
Mister President? Are you okay, sir?

6 CONTINUED:

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
(bottom of panel somewhere)
Washington D.C., 0545 a.m.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

Big Panel. Title and Credits go here. In the credits, include the following:

CREDITS
“Strange Fruit” by Abel Meeropol, ©1940 Used with Permission from Robert Meeropol

BEN SANTINI sits up in bed, screaming.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
New York City, 0550 a.m.

SANTINI
Yaaaaaaahhhhh!

PANEL TWO

Santini slaps a huge red Button on his wall behind his bed as he whirls out of bed.

SOUND F/X
Whoooop! Whoooop! Whoooop!

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Santini storms down a hallway in the StormWatch HQ. AVI BARAK (blonde, young, surfer haircut) stands in his bedroom doorway, no shirt, knee-length surfer shorts (as for the rooms, look at what you did in #12 - put a nameplate on the wall next to their doors).

BARAK
I assume this has something to do with the totally fucked dream I just had.

SANTINI
Just the boy I wanted to see. Get your clothes on, Barak, and meet me downstairs by the detention cubes.

PANEL TWO

Santini walks down the hallway. PINCKNEY & GOLOVIN pop their heads out of Golovin's room. They're covering their naked bodies with sheets.

PINCKNEY
Colonel? Is this a drill?

SANTINI
No drill. Be dressed and in the briefing room in fifteen minutes.

PANEL THREE

Santini in the hallway. JUKKO pulls on a uniform.

JUKKO
Sir, I-

SANTINI
Briefing Room, 15 minutes. Go tell everyone else.

PANEL FOUR

FLINT leans up against her door frame, in full combat gear.

SANTINI
Damn, you're fast.

FLINT
What's going on?

SANTINI
You said you wanted in. All the way in. You still up for it?

8 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Flint smiles.

FLINT
It’s about time.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Redesign the prison level we first saw in issue #4. The design we have now is unclear what the thing is... it should just be a row of cells with huge doors on them (maybe round doors with cogs which stick into the floor and ceiling? - whatever you desire).

Not too many cells... maybe 10 at the most. Santini's not a long-term-detention kind of guy.

There should be a room in front of the cubes with a table and chairs in front of it like guards would sit at (Santini and Coleman played cards there in #4)

Santini, Barak and Flint in front of the cells.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
StormWatch Detention Cells, 0555 a.m.

PANEL TWO

Santini puts his hand on a scan-bar. The door begins to roll back.

SANTINI
What happens down here stays down here. Or you two take a dirt nap six feet from the rest of your life.

FLINT
Please. I have already given you my word.

BARAK
Yeah, like anything down here's gonna somehow be weirder than what I've already seen. C'mon.

SANTINI
Uh-huh.

PANEL THREE

Light from within the cell illuminates Barak, Santini and Flint. Santini smiles. Barak look like he's going to shit. Flint is emotionless.

BARAK
Nofuckingway.

SANTINI
Good Morning, Traitor.

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

SENATOR SONNY TERNS in one of those bandage-wrap enclosures that Whilce drew in #4. Tubes for input and output hang around his body, going into his groin, crotch, ass and corner of his mouth for water and liquid food.

SENATOR TERNS
Santini, you're dead you stupid son of a bitch, you are so-

SANTINI
Shut Up.

PANEL TWO

Shot featuring Santini, Barak & Flint. Barak, nervously eyes the Senator as he crowds up next to Santini.

SANTINI
You speak when spoken to, murderer, or else my rogue African Super-Negro here is going to help you fall down some stairs for a month.

BARAK
Colonel Santini, this is big trouble, sir, this guy is like famous and powerful and shit. He's the most powerful Democrat in Congress!

SANTINI
This guy? Naaah, this is just some homeless person who **believes** that he's "like famous and powerful and shit." No, the REAL Senator Sonny Terns is safe and sound in Washington D.C. funding college scholarships for poor black and latino kids.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Terns flips out. Spitting Mad.

SENATOR TERNS
Goddammit, Santini, you're undermining the entire Constitution with this bullshit! I get outta here, you're deader than a twice-bit snake handler! You and all of your people!

PANEL TWO

Santini leans in close.

SANTINI
Maybe your lectures about Constitutionality would mean a lot more to me if you weren't directly responsible for killing 6 Billion people in the name of National Security.

SANTINI
Now, I have a few questions for you.

PANEL THREE

Terns grins.

SENATOR TERNS
Well, boy, why don't you take your questions and go piss up a rope? Cuz unless you're luckier than a two-dicked dog you ain't gettin' nuthin' outta me 'cept for a bullet in your face after I get outta here.

PANEL FOUR

Santini smiles.

SANTINI
See, now that's why **I'm** not going to be asking the questions.

SANTINI
Barak, please ask the Senator everything that he knows about Citizen Soldier.

PAGE 12

PANEL ONE

On a Subway train. A guy in a nice suit & raincoat stands next to two "cops" wearing Civil Defense Administration uniforms (like Swat outfits but with a big "CDA" on their baseball hats instead of "SWAT").

CDA COP #1
-and so MY vacation time gets cancelled all onnacounta this jive ass Gold Reserve robbery.

CDA COP #2
You too? I thought your team mighta got a break after you blew all that time running down those leads at Microdyne Systems!

PANEL TWO

Everyone on the train, all wearing nice suits and coat and ties leans in closer to the two cops, listening intently while pretending not to. The nosy parkers.

CDA COP #1
Oh, no, fuck that, everyone's sick leave, vacation and flex time is cancelled until we find all that fucking gold. I mean, get real... how the hell does someone move $200 billion dollars worth of gold?

CDA COP #2
Yeah, fer reals, what am I gonna do if I catch the guy that can move that kind of weight? GOTTA be some kinda Level 2 SPB, man. What am I supposed to beg him to return it?

PANEL THREE

The subway doors open at a stop. The "CDA COPS" step off.

ANNOUNCER
Spring Street. Next stop, Wall Street. All Aboard for Wall Street.

CDA COP #1
This job sucks, man, I'm tellin' yah. Plus they stole our fuckin' Union Coverage when they merged us with all those other worthless departments...

CDA COP #2
Whaddya gonna do, man, ya can't fight City Hall.

12 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Angle on the suit guy staring at the cops as the doors close in front of him.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FIVE

The two “cops” walk away from the train, towards camera, zipping up their coats. In the extreme foreground, we see that they both have a Tattooed Suicider symbol on the backs of their hands. They smile really evil smiles.

CDA COP #1
So... do it again?

CDA COP #2
Yeah. The main broker from Solomon takes the 7:20 E train. We’ll just barely have enough time to backtrack and pick him up.

PAGE 13

PANEL ONE

The briefing room. PINCKNEY is asleep, head back, his chair leaned back, feet on the table, zonked. GALENA sleeps, chin on fist, elbow on table. TEFIBI drinks small cups of espresso. There are four empties in front of him. He's wired. JUKKO sharpens a knife on a whetstone. JAEGER sits upright, facing front, Bono sunglasses on.

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
New York City, 0830 a.m.

TEFIBI
You're sure Santini said 15 minutes? In the briefing room?

JUKKO
For the last time, yes. Now please stop nervously grinding your teeth, it is beginning to give me a jaw ache.

TEFIBI
Oh. Sorry.

PANEL TWO

Santini enters the briefing room...

SANTINI
Good Morning everyone.

PANEL THREE

...and pushes Pinckney's feet off the table.

SANTINI
Sorry I kept you folks waiting. My early-morning intel hunt went a little longer than I had hoped. Flint and Barak are downstairs pulling out more info,

PANEL FOUR

Pinckney awakens abruptly, knocking shit over on the table. Galena smiles at him.

PINCKNEY
I wasn't asleep! I was only resting my eyes!

SANTINI
I'm here to update you all on what we've got so far. Get out your notepads because we've got a deluge of Bad News. Has anyone seen the TV news?

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Santini moves to the side. FAX NEWS NETWORK appears on a giant screen mounted on the wall next to his head.

Onscreen, a helicopter shot of a HUGE crowd of people swarm the Washington Mall, crowded around the White House. You might want to google up a picture or two of some 1970s anti-war protests to get an idea of how full that area can be. I'm not sure if the Secret Service kept people from protesting in front of the White House during the Iraq War buildup, but I imagine there weren't quite as many people involved regardless. I'm not sure. The more tiny little people you can draw the better.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
-As you can see for yourself, Bill, the crowd on the Washington Mall just seems to keep growing all the time... the Park Service estimates that there are almost a million people here now.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Remember, this is NOT a sponsored march, not a planned event! People have just been showing up from all over the United States, brought here by the vision we all had last night in a repeated dream...

PANEL TWO

Onscreen, a side-by-side comparison of a chalk sketch of the Klan Kid (like a courtroom drawing) which says "Artist's Rendering" beneath it and an old fuzzy black-and-white photo of a buzz-cut teenaged Klan Kid.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
A vision of a Klan murder carried out by a teenager who bears an eerie resemblance to Patrick Kent, the President of the United States.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
There has been no word yet from the White House and the daily Press Briefing has been cancelled for today, leading some to think that perhaps there might be some truth to the claims that-KLICK!

PANEL THREE

On Santini, frowning.

14 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
I think what we just saw was actually Round Two. Round One began three days ago at the Federal Reserve Bank when $200 Billion dollars worth of gold went missing and two of our teamates were wounded and killed.

PANEL FOUR

Over Santini's shoulder, angle on the team sitting around the table. Golovin has her hand raised.

SANTINI
Question?

GOLOVIN
Yes sir. Neither Charles nor I had this dream.

JAEGER
Nor did I.

JUKKO
I did.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

On Santini. Intrigued.

SANTINI
Interesting... I had it, Barak had it, but the foreign Nationals in the team didn't. I'll make some calls here in the U.N. but my guess is that every American had the dream.

PANEL TWO

On Jukko. Smiling.

JUKKO
But I'm a Finn.

PANEL THREE

On Tefibi. He points towards Jukko excitedly.

TEFIBI
No, see it makes sense... you're **NOT REALLY** a Finn any longer. By your own rules you're exiled from Finland... you're a man without a home. And the traditional place for people without a country, cut off from their past, looking to start a new life ***is*** **AMERICA!**

PANEL FOUR

On Jukko raising an eyebrow.

JUKKO
Interesting. Does this mean I have to learn to love NASCAR?

PANEL FIVE

Santini types on a small keyboard built into his podium.

SANTINI
Tefibi's right... and several details in the dream point to one individual who is probably responsible...

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

A MAN IN AN EXPENSIVE SUIT stands on the stone steps of the Federal Treasury Building in Washington D.C., playing with a palm pilot. Down angle over his shoulder onto the palm pilot where we see the face of Citizen Soldier.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
You understand your mission? You fully understand what is going to happen?

SUICIDER
Yes, Sir.

PANEL TWO

C/U on the palm pilot screen. Citizen Soldier salutes the man.

CITIZEN SOLDIER
Then Godspeed, Patriot.

SUICIDER
Thank You, Sir. It has been a pleasure fighting along side you. Out.

PANEL THREE

The Suicider folds the top of his pilot shut as a group of four Secret Service Agents usher two elderly men down the steps towards the street.

ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN
I don’t understand why we’re not driving... this seems so irregular.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1
There are too many people on the streets, Mister Chairman. You and the Secretary will have to walk if you expect to reach your appointment with the Vice President...

PANEL FOUR

The Suicider steps towards the group, smiling, hand out as if to shake hands. A Secret Service guy waves him off.

SUICIDER
Excuse me, but aren’t you the Chairman of the Federal Reserve?

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2
Sorry, sir, I’m going to have to ask you to please step back...

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

The Secret Service agent suddenly shoots stalks of corn out of his mouth, eyes and nose, bulging his throat, popping out his eyes, stretching his mouth, etc.

SUICIDER
I don't think so, Corn grits.

PANEL TWO

Two of the other Secret Service Agents fire their weapons at the man in the suit, but he's beginning to transform into something that looks like a human haystack... sorta Swamp Thing-ish, but not mucky, just like matted corn stalks and hay. The bullets pass right through him.

SUICIDER
Shouldn't have eaten your Wheatums, boys.

PANEL THREE

All of the remaining Secret Service guys explode stalks of Wheat from their mouths and nose and other head-holes. The two old men shake and quiver.

SUICIDER
And now for the fat cats who've done nothing but destroy the independent farmer for generations...

TREASURY SECRETARY
But... I'm the secretary of the Treasury... You want to kill the Secretary of Agriculture!

SUICIDER
Not today, I don't. Mmm, you had... pasta sauce for dinner last night, and you... rice. Lots of seeds left in your intestines!

PANEL FOUR

The two old men die horribly as succulent tomato plants and rice stalks grow from within them.

SUICIDER
God Bless America.

PANEL FIVE

The Suicider collapses onto the ground, dead. His body breaking to pieces of hay and plants, his head rolling away.

17 CONTINUED:

BORDERLESS LOCATION CAPTION
Washington D.C. 0845 a.m.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

The room darkens again and a computer image flashes up onto the screen behind Santini. On the screen in heroic Jack Kirby pose is Citizen Soldier, circa 1942.

SANTINI
Some of you might recognize this man...

TEFIBI (O.S.)
Is that The Spirit of '76?

PINCKNEY (O.S.)
Sergeant America?

GOLOVIN (O.S.)
No, that's the Minuteman!

JUKKO (O.S.)
The Minuteman had a cape. That's Freedom's Glory. No, wait, it's Yankee Doodle!

JAEGER (O.S.)
Nein. You are all wrong. That is Citizen Soldier.

PANEL TWO

Darkened room. On Jaeger.

JAEGER
He was the terror of the German Army during World War Two. Unkillable. Hitler had an entire SS group whose only job was to stop him.

JAEGER
They failed.

JAEGER
My grandmother used to tease me that if I misbehaved, Citizen Soldier would come and get me in the night. Her generation both admired and feared him.

PANEL THREE

On Santini. Behind Santini is projected an old-style comic book panel of a guy being sprayed with chemicals while he steps on a live electrical wire and is struck by lightning while holding an American Eagle which is biting his wrist.

18 CONTINUED:

SANTINI

Jaeger’s right. His real name was Peter Cassaday. He was the son of farmers from Iowa. The Government’s cover story was that he was created in a freak lab experiment, transformed into a superhuman fighting machine.

PANEL FOUR

Behind Santini is projected a picture of Robert Capa’s famous picture “Moment of Death” from the Spanish Civil War:

http://history.acusd.edu/gen/WW2Timeline/images2/1937.jpg

Don’t crop it so close. Put Citizen Soldier Guy (no mask or costume... just the Spanish Uniform) in panel left of the guy getting shot, running towards camera, bullets bouncing off of his body, shredding his clothes.

SANTINI

That was a load of crap fed to a scared public eager for easy to understand stories. Cassaday had fought previously in the Spanish Civil War and had shown all of the same signs of superhuman activity.

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Same shot, but now a close-up box of Cassaday's eyes is onscreen.

SANTINI
Notice something about the eyes? It's the same Iris pattern from the kid in last night's dream. But wait, it gets better...

PANEL TWO

Another old photo. This one of World War One. A totally different guy stands next to another soldier in a trench. A computer expanded closeup detail of his eyes shows the same eagle-shaped irises.

SANTINI
Bernardo Costello, first-generation Italian immigrant from Brooklyn. Notice the eyes. He died on the same day that Peter Cassaday was born.

PANEL THREE

Another old photo. This one a sepia-toned daguerreotype in the Matthew Brady style. A guy with a funky Civil War beard in a Union Major's outfit shakes hands with Abraham Lincoln. A computer zoom on his eyes shows the Eagle-shaped Irises.

SANTINI
Major Alexander Abernathy, Union Calvalry. Same eyes. Same person. Born again and again, serving America in all manners of wars, going Lord only knows how far back in history. The ultimate soldier. The Ultimate American.

PANEL FOUR

All three of the pictures lined up next to one another and next to them, the "artist's rendition" of the little black kid.

SANTINI
All three of these men were highly decorated heroes... and each of them led their units on to unbelievable victories against incalculable odds. Citizen Soldier had the ability to engender fanatical fervor on the battlefield.

SANTINI
He was a human force multiplier... put him with a Unit and they'd fight ten times as hard, to the death if necessary. But it all stopped in 1947. Citizen Soldier disappeared. No one seems to knows why.

19 CONTINUED:

BARAK (O.S.)

I know why.

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Barak and Flint stand at the open door. Barak is drenched in sweat and has deep circles under his eyes.

BARAK
Because the Soldier fought in Spain, the Government suspected that he was a Communist. They feared that he'd use his super-leadership powers to turn all of America into Red commies...

BARAK
So they subpoenaed him to testify before the House Unamerican Activities Committee in '47 and when he showed up, they led him to the office of Freshman Congressman Sonny Terns...

PANEL TWO

C/U on Barak with a haunted look on his face.

BARAK
Where they shot him in the back of the head. They killed the Spirit of America.

PANEL THREE

Barak slumps into a chair at the end of the table, exhausted. Santini hands Barak a glass of water.

SANTINI
So what the hell happened to YOU?

BARAK
Terns. On top of being a soul-sucking evil scumbag, he's also a minor-league psychic broadcaster. He's spent the last three hours filling my head full of his evil. The shit that goes on inside that guy's head... it's unbelievable.

PANEL FOUR

Call me about these pages... I have some ideas, but they're a little difficult to get down on paper.

BARAK
Anyway, after they popped Citizen Soldier in it happened again in 55 when he was reborn as a black kid in Louisiana... that's what the dream was about.

20 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
Then what? Where's he been since 1955?

BARAK
I don't know. Terns passed out from the strain of fighting me. He's been trained in counter-psychic defense.

PANEL FIVE

Santini scratches his chin, looking pissed.

SANTINI
That's okay. We know enough. If this IS Citizen Soldier doing all of this, if he WAS behind the attack that wounded Cisco and killed Blake... I'm going to kill him myself.

TEFIBI (O.S.)
You might get your chance sooner than later, boss.

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Tefibi points at the Giant TV screen on the wall. It's a Fax News Network downshot of the floor of the NYSE... and people are barking sell orders at one another at the tops of their lungs.

TEFIBI
Something weird's going on at the New York Stock Exchange.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR
-you can literally say that the sky is falling here, Gwen, in the first half hour of trading, the Dow has lost over 1200 points, over one quarter of its value.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR
The Exchange's automatic circuit breakers which are designed to halt trading if the Dow loses over 400 points have NOT kicked in, I repeat, NOT kicked in, and tensions here on the floor are running high!

FAX NEWS ANCHOR
There are only three men in America with the Authority to shut down the Stock Exchange: the Treasury Secretary, the chairman of the Federal Reserve and the President of the Stock Exchange. There has been no word from any of these men and until something happens, it appears that the mad trading will continue unabated!

PANEL TWO

Small panel. The reporter is pushed from the side as he files his story from the floor of the stock exchange.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR
Please sir, please stop pushing, Get OFF OF ME, GODDAMMIT!

PANEL THREE

Small panel. The Fax News Reporter punches a trader in the face, causing blood to squirt from his nose.

FAX NEWS ANCHOR
You want some of this, motherfucker?

PANEL FOUR

Back to the wideshot of the floor of the stock exchange. The traders are going insane, stabbing one another with pencils, etc.

21 CONTINUED:

FAX NEWS DESK (O.S.)
Errr, uh, that was Shephard White live from the floor of the New York Stock Exchange where it appears that a small-scale riot has broken out on the trading floor...

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PANEL ONE

On Santini.

SANTINI
Okay, people. We’ve been waiting for the other shoe to drop, and this is it.

PANEL TWO

Big Splash. There, CP, are you happy now? :) The entire StormWatch crew geared up and ready to jump into action.

SANTINI
Lock and Load, people...

SANTINI
We’re going patriot hunting at the Stock Exchange.

TO BE CONTINUED!

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

1936 FORD FOUR-DOOR
http://www.dyna.co.za/cars/1936_Ford_CX_De_Luxe_Fordor_Saloon.jpg

LYNCHING: (not for the squeamish... horrible and EVIL)
http://www.liu.edu/cwis/cwp/library/african/2000/lynching.htm
http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/USACstrangefruit.htm
http://www.pbs.org/itvs/fromswastikatojimcrow/relations.html

WALL STREET
Here's a AMAZINGLY GREAT webpage with java-enabled panoramic shots from all kinds of different areas in the NY Stock Exchange:
http://www.nyse.com/floor/onthefloor.html

CHILD SOLDIERS
http://www.mofa.go.jp/policy/human/image/p_survey.jpg
http://www.sportrelief.com/section_where_the_money/int_childsoldiers.html

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

HERE'S A 360-DEGREE QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER:
http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

ONLINE PHOTOS OF THE UN BUILDING:
http://www.un.org/Overview/Tours/UNHQ/#HQS-SITE

CITIZEN SOLDIER TIMELINE
1948 - HUAC kills Citizen Soldier
1955 - 7 yrs old, lynched
1972 - 17 yrs old, Hell no, I won't go.
1973 - International Operations kills him.
2003 - 30 years old, Back with a Vengence.